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The Winonan

Winona State Teachers' College

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The Winonan

SUMMER TERM EDITION

WINONA, MINNESOTA, JULY 21, 1927

#17

Fifty-one to be Graduated July Twenty Second

The commencement exercises for the summer term will take place at two o'clock on Friday afternoon, July 22, in the auditorium. The class this year is unusually large consisting of fifty-one members, several of whom previously finished the one-year or elementary course.

The program will be as follows:

Organ "Largo" (New World Symphony). Dvorak
Music, "Hark! The Vesper Hymn is Stealing
..... Russian Air
"Lovely Appar (Redemption)" Gounod
College Octette

Address Dean H. C. Minnich
Miami University, Oxford, Ohio

Trio — "Hail! Star of the Sea" Grieg
"Minuet (Military Symphony)" Haydn
Josephine Grimm, Violin
Walter Grimm, Cello
Muriel Meyer, Piano

Presentation of Diplomas Director Somsen
"Alma Mater" College Chorus
Organ "Toccato and Fugue in D Minor" Bach
as played by Pietro Yon

The candidates for graduation are:

Alberts, Viola Mantorville
Andreason, Agnes Owatonna
Balk, Eleanor Cochrane, Wis.
Beach, Nellie Louise Seattle, Wash.
Berland, Marian A. Spring Grove
Beynon, Evan *mt.* Winona
Brandt, Margaret Winona
Butler, Florence Winnifred Winona
Costello, Olive Sauk Centre
Cowles, Laura *k.* Minneapolis
Domrud, Carmen Canton
Feany, Percy Waterville
Freiberg, Ruth Eitzen
Gordon, Harvey *mt.* Winona
Hartshorn, Herbert Osceola, Ia.
Hesteness, Marie Northfield
Johnson, Frances Red Wing
Kemp, Grace Homer
Kenna, Jane Sauk Centre
Kintzi, Ewald *m.* Mountain Lake
Kraemer, Lorraine Hibbing
Latvala, Alice Eveleth
Lee, Lois Cedar
Mahany, Marian *p.* Virginia
Mann, Helen St. Paul
Marvin, Libbie Hartland
McGowan, Leona Owatonna
Monson, Mabel *k.* Minneapolis
Neeb, Lillian Winona
Nevins, Olive Osseo, Wis.
Olsen, M. Gladys Harmony
Olson, Norene Cannon Falls

(Continued on page 4)



MR. AND MRS. MAXWELL ATTEND CONVENTIONS IN THE WEST

In a talk given to the student body on July 13, Mr. Maxwell gave a brief resume of the three week's trip, which he and Mrs. Maxwell took to the Western states where they attended the National Educational Association and Drama League conventions. Mrs. Maxwell was a delegate to the latter convention, which was held at Tacoma. Mr. Maxwell spoke very favorably of this city, and expressed his keen appreciation of the hospitality of its citizens.

The National Educational Association held its meeting in Seattle. The auditorium of the University of Washington, as well as the stadium, formed the center of activities. The program for the week was a very attractive one, and included among other things a musical program given by the St. Olaf choir as sponsored by the teachers of Minneapolis, and a pageant depicting the grandeurs of nature as found in that particular section of the country. Approximately ten thousand school children participated in the pageant, which was not only very interesting, but also valuable from an educational point of view.

The Association decided to cut down its membership, thus securing a better working group without altering the democratic principles of the organization. A new educational platform was adopted providing for a system of education "which will enable each individual to achieve his highest development in order that he may most completely fill his place in the society of which he is a member." The achievement of such an ideal requires preeminently that teachers, who are prepared for their work by a generous liberal education, shall be provided for all schools, curricula and courses of study be made available which are adapted to individual needs, and pupils placed in groups of such size and flexibility as to provide for their regular and continuous progress.

The Association will hold its annual meeting in Minneapolis in 1928.

Finer Living Through Better Living

The following is the synopsis of a paper given by Miss F. L. Richards, at the Dean of Women's Convention in Dallas, Texas:

Dr. C. Judson Herrick in his discussion of "Self-Control and Social-Control" says, "The finer fibres of my personality . . . are developed by my own efforts, but the social environment must furnish suitable food or my character is aborted."

This food which can be assimilated to produce "the finer fibres" of one's personality is what we wish to give our students. The assimilating they alone can do. This substance is something more than the mere physical comforts of a home, however important these are. It is a living spirit that one feels pervading an entire house. One recognizes it as a living force just as one personality recognizes another. How fortunate if it is a spirit of beauty! David saw beauty in his fleecy sheep browsing in green valleys by still waters, and beauty in the friendly watchful stars. Many souls find beauty on every hand in nature, and try to bring it into their homes, and this fact pulsates through the history of art from the time when man was a cave dweller. Others pass beauty by without recognizing it. They need help to cure their blindness so they may see.

Heaven set us just such a task in Winona. She made a valley overwatched by hills with granite peaks, with blue gentians growing from the crevices in the rocks, and she placed within the valley the winding Mississippi and a tiny lake to reflect the shifting colors of the sunset and the beauty of the stars. And then she said, "Some will come to you from dull mining villages, and from busy noisy cities who cannot see or hear beauty from the hand of God. Open their eyes and ears!" And we have tried to bring into our buildings the beauty of the out-of-doors, and have called upon artistic souls to help us plan and execute. Citizens believing in the uplifting power of beauty have brought from across the seas and given us a collection of art, — painting, etchings, marbles, urns, — which cast their silent influence upon all that range the halls.

But artistic surroundings alone are not sufficient. They need some sympathetic soul to open blind eyes to the loveliness of polished woods in furniture and floor, designs and color combinations and the contour of things. The uninitiated need to see how an ugly vase may spoil an otherwise pleasing room. We have been late in recognizing that the aesthetic side of homemaking should be taught. Our national

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THE WINONAN

OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION OF THE
WINONA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1927

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SERVICE

If in any profession the ideal of service is to be upheld and respected, the teacher is, without a doubt, one of the most outstanding figures in the light of such analysis. All work in relation to people demands that the individual concerned knows how to serve. The physician must know how to administer to the physical needs of humanity, the pastor, to the spiritual needs, and the teacher, to the mental needs. But is a teacher's time wholly to be occupied with the process of drilling facts into the "grey matter" of her pupils? If that is her conception of the "teaching game," she is "playing the game" only in terms of halves.

There is that very familiar quality, upon the basis of which we distinguish one person from another, known as "personality." Into our personalities are woven our experiences, our attitudes toward life, our ideals, and our hopes and aspirations. Whereas facts are a matter of mind, personalities are preeminently a matter of spirit. The teacher who combines mind and spirit in her work is giving of herself, and that, after all, is the highest type of service one individual can render another.

To each of us has been given some talent, which is ours to use in the enlightenment of others. Though the talent be small, we should not feel discouraged, for even a tiny spark will often burst into flames when kindled by the wind. Kindle that which is within you by your enthusiasm and perseverance, and the teaching field will have gained by your presence. Fan the spark of individuality in those entrusted to your guiding principles, and you will have served society.

MY SYMPHONY

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

— R. L. STEVENSON.

FALL CHANGES IN THE FACULTY

Faculty changes for next year are fewer than usual. Three assistant critic teachers who were undergraduates are being succeeded by three holders of the bachelors degree, and one holder of a bachelors degree is succeeded by the holder of a masters degree, so that in these cases and in one or two others there are gains in the general academic preparation represented.

Miss Edith Ashworth, a recent graduate of the Iowa State Teachers College at Cedar Falls will take up part-time teaching in domestic science and art, succeeding Mrs. E. J. Dahl, resigned.

Miss Florence McKinley, at present a member of the faculty of the Illinois State Normal University at Norma, Illinois, and a graduate of that institution as well as the University of Illinois, will carry work in physical education for women, succeeding Miss Martha Lewis, resigned.

Mr. Glen E. Galligan will become teacher of physical education for men and coach of athletics, succeeding Mr. Ray Habermann, resigned. Mr. Galligan comes from the state of Washington where, both in the Everett High School and in the State University at Seattle, he took an active part in athletics. After finishing at the university he coached high school athletics and later pursued graduate work in physical education at Teachers College in Columbia.

Mr. E. S. Selle returns after completing a year of graduate study in Teachers College at Columbia, Mr. Herbert Hess having served during his absence in the fields of sociology and government.

Miss Louise Strohbehn, graduate of the Iowa State Teachers College and recent teacher and graduate in the University of Iowa, comes to teach primary work succeeding Miss Adah Minard, resigned.

Miss Phila Humphreys, graduate of the Aberdeen (South Dakota), State Teachers College and of the University of Iowa, will carry work as an associate critic in middle grades, succeeding Miss Claire Harris, resigned.

The junior high school position of associate critic will be carried by Miss Cora Ebert who holds her degree from the Iowa State Teachers College and who is now substituting as a critic teacher in that institution. She succeeds Miss Alice Grannis, resigned.

TEXT BOOK SELECTION

During the present summer session, a series of talks has been given by various members of the faculty on the subject of text book selection. They were given at three forty-five, a time when all students who wished to attend could do so.

The attendance of the various lectures varied from eighteen to seventy-five persons. This in itself indicated that the talks proved of interest and value. They were particularly helpful to teachers who wished to buy new books for use during the coming year. They were equally helpful to supervisors, and to principals of small school systems.

Several hundred school text books in the various subjects and for the various grades of the elementary and the junior high school were on exhibition in the hall of the Phelps Junior

High School, where they were examined by many of the summer school students. The books are the property of the college and among them are many of the latest and what are supposed to be, some of the best for use as basic texts. There were also many of value for supplementary use.

THE NEW PRESIDENT AT ST. CLOUD

After eleven years of service as president of the St. Cloud State Teachers College, Mr. J. C. Brown has resigned to accept a like position in the State Teachers College at DeKalb, Illinois. President Brown came to Minnesota from the faculty of the University of Illinois though he had previously taught in the Horace Mann School of Teachers College in New York and in the Charleston, Illinois, State Normal School. Mr. Brown has made a fine record at St. Cloud and there was wide-spread regret expressed both in and out of the college when his resignation was announced.

The State Teachers College Board at a recent special meeting at St. Paul elected Mr. George A. Selke as the new president. Mr. Selke is a Minnesota man, graduating first from the St. Cloud State Normal School and later from the University of Minnesota. He has acted as a superintendent of schools in this state, has carried graduate work at the University of Minnesota, and has served as a member of the faculty of that institution. For a period he was inspector of rural schools for the State Department of Education. More recently he completed his doctorate in Columbia University and, at the time of his election, was a member of the faculty of the University of Missouri where he was to have been professor of Administration. Mr. Selke's fine training, successful experience, and outstanding worth insure his success at St. Cloud. Mrs. Selke has been serving as a teacher of Spanish in North High School in Minneapolis.

GRIMM TRIO PLAYS IN CHAPEL

The Grimm Trio, which is composed of Mrs. Walter Grimm, violinist, Mr. Walter Grimm, cellist, and Miss Muriel Meyers, pianist, appeared in chapel, June twenty-fourth.

The selections played by them were very interesting, and, as may be judged from the responsiveness of the audience, were thoroughly enjoyed also.

The willingness of the Trio to participate in the musical functions of the College is indeed appreciated.

RABBI FELIX LEVI SPEAKS

A lecture by Rabbi Felix Levi of Chicago has been an important feature of every summer school program for the past few years. The lectures, dealing as they do with a subject not so often met with, Jewish literature, are both interesting and instructive.

The subject of his lecture given on July 5, was "The Prophets." Rabbi Levi pointed out clearly the development of the various Books of the Prophets, and revealed the chief characteristics of each.

"MOVIES" AT TEACHERS COLLEGE

On Tuesday, June 29, we had a treat in chapel that we do not frequently have. Through the courtesy of Mr. Roesner, Manager of the State and Winona theatres, a Kinogram news reel was shown to the students.

The machine which was used to project the picture was a gift of the class of 1927. It formerly belonged to the Colonial theatre, but was purchased by the graduating class as a remembrance. We hope that in the future we may have more use of their appropriate present.

MRS. E. P. ROE SPEAKS

Many students will, no doubt, be called upon to take an active part in the organization of Parent-Teachers Associations. On July 6, Mrs. E. P. Roe, one of the National field secretaries of that organization gave a short chapel talk, outlining the history and purpose of the movement. She pointed out that care should be taken that local Parent-Teacher units should not be organized merely as a small social group, get together club, or community society.

On July eighth, a representative of the American Red Cross, recently returned from the southern flood areas, outlined the work and possibilities of the Junior Red Cross movement in the schools. Among the exhibits she carried were several geographical portfolios from foreign school children and a genuine Navajo Indian rug made by an Indian girl.

MAGIC AND MYSTERY

"What is it your pleasure to see?"

On Monday evening, June twentieth, a large audience was interestingly entertained by Mr. Paul Fleming. Mr. Fleming is an instructor at the University of Pennsylvania, and uses his vacations to demonstrate his ability in mind-reading, Pseudo-spiritualism, and illusions before public audiences. He freely admitted that it was all trickery, but defied analysis. However, this was his first presentation this season, and many of our naturally keen observers were able to discover an occasional "leak or two." All in all it was an illuminating experience showing how easily people are mystified and baffled. Furthermore, it proved that one cannot lay too much stress upon the old proverb, "Seeing is believing."

Out of the whole bag of tricks those, perhaps, which we would most wish to attain are those of growing orange trees with fully developed fruit in five minutes or picking dollars out of odd corners whenever we have the notion.

YE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Our future tennis champions will be finding themselves during the next week through the means of a tournament. Any man of the College, either student or faculty member may take part, regardless of past records! A goodly number will participate, but as this paper goes to press any further information can not be given.



THE LEGEND OF WENONAH

The beautiful Indian maiden, Wenonah, was the daughter of Wabasha, the great chief of a great tribe of Indians. This tribe had a small village standing between the Great River, Gitchee Seebee, and the blue water which we now call Lake Winona.

Duluth, a young Indian hunter, had won Wenonah's heart but her father and brothers favored Tamdoka, a wealthy and very fierce warrior.

In the spring, the tribe traveled in canoes to Lake Pepin, where they obtained clay for pottery. On this trip Tamdoka pressed his suit so relentlessly that Wabasha and his sons appointed a day for the wedding and ordered a feast to be prepared.

But Wenonah, ever faithful to her Indian brave, Duluth, could not bear the thought of a marriage with Tamdoka, and she was seen one morning standing on a high rock which overlooked Lake Pepin. As the horrified people watched, they heard her singing her death dirge. They immediately rushed to her, the swift Tamdoka always in the lead, but when they had reached the spot where she had been seen, Wenonah had disappeared in the dark waters of Lake Pepin.

Since that time, the rock from which she fell has been called Maiden's Rock, and our city has been named for the brave Indian Maiden.

Miss Mildred Bartsch, who has been teaching in our demonstration school at Gilmore Valley for the past six years, has resigned and will work next year in Koochicking County as assistant to the county superintendent. Miss Bartsch's work will be of a supervisory nature.

POWERS STRING QUARTETTE HERE JULY SEVENTH

Students of the College and their friends were entertained July seventh by a delightful concert given by the Powers String Quartette. The Quartette is composed of Dorothea, first violinist, Harold, second violinist, Arthur, violist, and Dudley, cellist. These young musicians are to be congratulated upon the excellency of the selections played by them.

The program consisted of several solo numbers played by Dorothea, selections by the Quartette, followed by solo numbers by the cellist.

Mary Brainard Powers accompanied on the piano.

WHAT IS MUSIC

What is music? This question occupied my mind for hours last night before I fell asleep. The very existence of music is wonderful, I might even say miraculous. Its domain is between thought and phenomena. Like a twilight mediator, it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both, yet differing from each. It is spirit, but spirit subject to the measurement of time: it is matter, but matter that can dispense with space. — HEINE.

"OPEN-NIGHT"

On the evening of July fourteenth, the dormitory campus was the center of much competition between the faculty and student body of the College. As in the days of the early Greeks one vied against the other to see who would be successful in carrying off the "golden apple." Seven o'clock had not yet arrived, and the "hippodrome" was already crowded with spectators eagerly anticipating the final outcome of events. To the tune of several "rounds" sung by the spectators, the contestants solemnly filed in. Just one glance at their eager faces was sufficient to tell the audience that the battle would be "hot and heavy." And so it was!

The contest opened with the greatest test of a man's ability in exhibiting steadiness, known as the peanut-relay. Other forms of strength and energy-taxing contests were in progress; among these being the club-s snatch, the shot-put, the paper-sack relay, and the bean relay. Miss Christensen emerged the victor of the latter, receiving a tennis racket with sterling silver bands as a token of her fleetness, which she later in the evening used for the purpose of making deeper "impressions" upon those she already knew quite well. Bowling on the green was another important feature of the evening in which Mr. Maxwell "rolled in" a score of seventy as opposed to a score of zero, which won for Mr. Grimm the "booby prize."

The excitement left both contestants and spectators alike in a famished condition; this necessitating the serving of nourishment in the form of ice-cream.

To Miss Maud Jarvis and her assistants goes the credit for making the evening a "howling" success. The event culminated the athletic activities enjoyed by the girls this summer.

FINER LIVING THROUGH BETTER LIVING

(Continued from page 1)

"Better Homes Week" is arousing interest and making headway. For years we have emphasized beauty of music with national helpful memory contests, with development of high school orchestras. But in large groups of college students I have found very few, except those who elected courses in domestic science, who have had any instruction in making beautiful the home where most of their lives are spent, and where the first impressions of beauty or ugliness are stamped deep on young personalities. The laws of harmony, balance, color, proportion, arrangement are just as true in the cottage as in the mansion, and the results bring the same rest, peace, sunshiny atmosphere. Our natural tastes are no more reliable in the field of the beautiful than they are in the cuisine, but taste can be developed in either field, medium for a student, and he should know what makes his surroundings pleasing. His social environment should be educational.

Aware of beauty emotionally, he will soon find "thought" behind the artistic; a plan working through individual objects to produce a pleasing effect. Let it be a dinner table exquisite in its appointments. He drinks in the beauty as a whole: the candle light, the sweeping sprays of fnesia mingled with tulips of contrasting color, and then he turns in mental interest to find the underlying plan. Six vivid green cathedral candles soaring from tall silver candle sticks form a center flanked on either side by a rich colored antique dish of Royal Bulgarian used as a flower container, whose rich predominating colors are echoed in the green candles and in the flowers. Or let it be his room, — and there, too, behind the pleasing surroundings he should see a scheme, and through the arrangement of the furniture gave the room a hospitable, homelike air. The angle at which a chair stands by the study table helps give an air of welcome or inhospitality.

Rooms should be interesting too, — very human, — not every thing evident at first glance. I know a living room that appeals to students. It has grown a bit at a time when the money and the appropriate piece of furniture were found. It is not packed with things bought for the love of possession, but is spacious enough to let one move about freely without fear of brushing off fragile ornaments; it is big enough to let one breathe deeply and feel one's soul stretch a bit in perfect calm. In that room some one always asks about the rosewood table converted from a slender legged grand piano — one of the first that came on a barge up the Mississippi from New Orleans in Minnesota's early days. Then an eye rests on the batik scarf lying in silken folds on the table's polished surface, — made by an artist abroad who used for his motif the cross section of seeds. From the conversation on batik which generally follows, the less artistic learn much from those who have experimented in that line. Another appreciative soul thinks a story must lurk in the unusual shaped, though attractive davenport in taupe mohair with its two great circular,

crushable pillows of like material. That exposition story leads on from interest to interest, until some one exclaims, "I never noticed before what a beautiful fire screen we have! It isn't the usual shape!" And the little, improved screen with its lovely lines, adds its donation of interest. Then there are the low mohair fire benches, — just the height the girls approve, — and the new steel radiator covers making the air less dry and the pictures, and the table with two secret drawers. There is no limit to the interest in separate things, until someone again says, "I love to come in here and just sit! What makes it so restful here?" The discussion of color formulas, and one tells of a former student now sick in a distant hospital, who says she likes to close her eyes and see again the living room where she used to sit, — so restful yet full of interest.

Fortunate the student who learns to appreciate and understand the lovelier things about him, but still more fortunate he who learns to appreciate and contribute toward the mutual good-will and understanding with those with whom he comes in contact. I have often thought how many of the worries of a landlady would vanish if she would make a memorandum of the adjustments which her young lady roomers have not made satisfactorily in the past, and would study them as problems, seeking for the cause and thinking out a remedy. For instance, has she just had her dressers repolished, and fears again the spilling of toilet water, and the careless use of face powder? Let her furnish a strip of white oil-cloth under the dresser scarf and take the young girl into her confidence, so she can cooperate intelligently. Has the landlady bewailed the laundry bills for white counterpanes so carelessly used in daytime? Let her substitute a cot for the bed, with an attractive colored cover which is not easily soiled and invites one to rest. How much easier she would make life for the new student with motherly suggestions about a shoe bag, or by providing one, and a laundry bag, and by showing how bureau drawers may be divided into compartments, and possessions conveniently packed away. Instead of lamenting the disheveled appearance of the telephone book, let her inclose it in an attractive black oil-cloth cover with a gay design painted upon it, and hang near the phone a pretty wall pocket of similar material with paper and pencil for memoranda when necessary, and explain its use, and the telephone book will no longer be subjected to rough usage. This suggestion transformed a carelessly kept telephone booth into a model one.

With a more sympathetic understanding of the difficulty a young woman has in making adjustments to a material environment where the customs are, many times, quite unlike those with which she was nurtured, an environment of which she is not the center as she often was at home, but seemingly a very insignificant factor, an environment in which she hopes not to offend, but to like and be liked, adults with understanding hearts can substitute for the costly "trial and error" method an educational environment without being officious, an atmosphere charged with the great values of life such

as good books, good music, wholesome recreation, companionship worth while. If bodies need food, how much more so do minds need a refining, helpful atmosphere if they are to transmute their experiences into the "finer fibers" of their personalities.

If the home life about a student is lovely in its relationships, he will be apt to have confidence in men, and to realize that beauty of form and color is of less worth than beauty of character as shown in self-sacrifice and love.

" . . . that best portion of a good man's life His little nameless unremembered acts Of kindness and of love."

And as his personality, his character, grows under the educational food given him, and as he sees beauty all about, in nature, in man, all under the same laws, he feels behind it all a mind controlling it (just as he did in a beautiful room).

"And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

"And from the blessed power that rolls About, below, above, We'll frame the measure of our souls. They shall be turned to love."

The other day two girls knocked on my door to ask me to come to see the sunset, and we rang the room bells to call all in the house to see the gorgeous shifting colors in the sky. And more than one, I know saw behind it all

"The gleam,

The light that never was on sea or land, The consecration and the Poet's dream."

FIFTY-ONE TO BE GRADUATED JULY 22ND

(Continued from page 1)

Onstad, Adelaide	Houston
Pacovsky, Mildred	Glenville
Pam, Hannah	Minneapolis
Parr, Marvyl	Worthington
Peterson, Evelyn	Lanesboro
Point, Gladys	Slayton
Redmond, Blandid	Lanesboro
Relph, Vera	Sparta, Wis.
Saller, Pauline	Mantorville
Sandsness, Benhard mt	Peterson
Schoonmaker, Katherine	Winona
Simonson, Olga	Bayport
Simpson, Eloise	Sparta, Wis.
Suilmann, Mary	Wabasha
Wachwitz, Alma Mary	Welcome
Walchak, Anne	Winona
Walkington, Cetha	Mound
Watts, Alice Jane	Eyota
Way, Margaret	Dodge Center

Just a Line or Two

"Exams" are o'er; the days are hot;
Some pupils passed and some did not.
Commencement day and then we're free.
Ah, ain't it grand, an alumnus to be!

"SALVAGING SAM"

The story "Salvaging Sam," is one of a maladjusted school boy, typical of many another school child out of normal relations with his companions and school environment. It illustrates the comparative ease with which the child is understood. The Visiting Teacher is the one who gets at the root of his difficulties and secures the cooperation of the boy's teacher and his parents to help him make his readjustment.

The story is prepared jointly by the Boston League of Women Voters and the Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene. The film of the story can be borrowed or purchased from the society.

Sam is an unusually bright boy, who used to have thoughts which ran ahead of his years — thoughts which he tried to express with long words because he liked to play with words. This was when he was quite a little chap. It is some time since he has tried to make any one else understand what he is thinking and feeling.

Sam's older brothers and sisters are nice, average, wholesome youngsters, full of fun, and as inconsiderate as most children are toward others who are "different." So Sam suffered under them when he said things which they thought were "queer." Even Sam's mother and father did not quite understand him. His father particularly liked to tease him about his quaintness. Sam's parents were not unintelligent. Like most parents, they wanted to do all that they could for their children, but somehow they just missed the cue with Sam.

This might not have mattered so much if Sam had been of a different temperament, but he is of the retiring rather than fighting type.

His feelings are easily hurt, and when they are, instead of trying to make himself understood or being spurred to greater endeavor or even fighting back, he shrinks into himself. Hence, by the time he reached school age, the jests of his brothers and sisters at his expense and the teasing of his father had made a silent, retiring little boy out of one whose mind was bubbling with ideas. The ideas continued to bubble, but either they took the form of fancies, in which Sam lived with much more pleasure than he did in his real life, or else they were plans for future revenge on his persecutors, with whom he felt at present unequal to cope.

School did not help the situation, as his parents hoped that it might. The neighborhood children carried to school Sam's reputation for "queerness." Sam hesitated to recite for fear of making some blunders which would bring ridicule upon himself.

Some teachers took the boy at face value. To them he was a dull, sullen, unresponsive child, and he accepted himself at their valuation. Others tried, during the overcrowded school session, to understand him, but one child in forty cannot claim more than his share of attention, and Sam's resistance was strong. He brought to school his resentment against his parents and applied it to his teachers, and any one else who represented authority. No ordinary effort could penetrate his barriers.

PICNIC AT GARVIN HEIGHTS

On Friday July ninth, was held the second all college event of the summer session. It was in the form of a picnic at Garvin Heights. At four o'clock groups of students and faculty could be seen in front of College Hall waiting for the conveyances which would take them to the Heights. Some of the more hardy ones could be seen beginning the tortuous ascent on foot. About five o'clock the whole group of about one hundred fifty was assembled at the picnic grounds. At five-thirty a delicious lunch, to which the hungry picnickers did full justice, was served at the Richards Pavillion. After supper, Harry Prierwert of the Prierwert Studio took the picture of the group. Cards provided amusement for some, while others occupied themselves with horseshoe playing. At seven the various groups started on the homeward trail, each bearing a pleasant memory of one more highly enjoyable feature of the summer school.

With his dreams and his grudges, Sam was in a bad way. It was a toss-up whether mental hospital or reform school would eventually claim him.

Then there arrives upon the scene a new person — a sunshiny, smiling person who knows a great deal about the way in which the minds of boys and girls work, who has unending patience and plenty of time to surmount all the obstacles which block the path leading to the fastness of a child's soul. The superintendent introduces her as Miss Gray, the Visiting Teacher. Sam's teacher eagerly seeks her aid.

Sam's scowl is as black for Miss Gray as for every one else, at first. But little by little it disappears as the idea dawns that here is a friend who never betrays a confidence, who is always interested in what a fellow thinks, even if she does not always approve of it, and who helps to straighten out crooked thoughts without hurting tender susceptibilities.

At last, to please her, Sam is willing to answer a lot of questions and do some "stunts" which really prove to be interesting. He comes with flying colors through the ordeal, which, it seems, proves that he has a better mind than most children. How remarkable, when he had always supposed he was a "dumbbell!"

His parents appear, after all, to think he amounts to something. Perhaps because Miss Gray has explained about his test. Anyway, Miss Gray and father and mother are awfully good friends. He has those tools now that he wanted so much. It was very decent of father to buy them. As for school work, it was actually fun to write that story. He said what he wanted to in it, and the teacher didn't laugh; on the contrary she praised him. Well, if she liked that story, what will she say to this next one! It's going to be a "whiz." It's more fun writing it than playing football. Still, Miss Gray seems to think highly of boys who get into the games so — then, too the boys have quit teasing since Jimmy Black got his face punched for it the other day. What a satisfaction it

(Continued on page 8)

A REAL EVENING

The evening started with a bang and moved rapidly until the strains of "Home Sweet Home" suggested that the "All College" party had reached an end. Judging from the lack of activity in the dormitories and about town the next morning, everyone had a glorious time. But how could one help himself when so much effort was put forth to furnish amusement for the crowd?

Most unique ways were employed to make everyone feel at home, and to make new acquaintances. Stunts and music took their place in the program. Morey and Shepard Halls contributed their share. The Country Life Club presented a clever playlet. Mr. Jederman and Miss Nevins were much in demand with their interesting interpretation of "Bridget O'Flynn." We have decided that the strength behind Mr. Jederman's voice must have been due to the onions which he ate that day. The "Close Harmony" trio proved to the crowd that the show was worth the price.

Perhaps the most entertaining feature of the evening was the contest staged by five famous men. Mr. Grimm won the lolly-pop, and the reason for his success was quite evident.

Did you know that everyone in this institution is a hero or heroine? Well, it's just like this. In the midst of the frolic, the lights decided to take a rest, so they went out! The strange part of it was that not a scream was to be heard; no one fainted. Everyone was able to control his emotions. Someone rose to the occasion and suggested that we sing old songs to relieve the tension. Everyone joined in the singing of such numbers as "Sweet Adeline," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," and "Farewell to Thee." When the room was lighted once more, not one pale face could be found.

Social dancing was enjoyed by all. Ice cream and wafers were served to the guests.

To say the least, the affair was a huge success. Everyone had a lovely time. We are wondering when our next College party falls due.

GIRL SCOUTING

The activities of Girl Scouting were resumed the first week of the present term, with thirty-nine enrolling in the Course of Training for Leadership.

The training covers the work necessary to pass the Tenderfoot Test, as well as instruction in the organizing of troops and methods that have to do with Leadership.

Thirty-two were enrolled as Tenderfoot Scouts, July thirteenth.

Thirty-six will receive certificates of Leadership upon the completion of the course.

The interest in the work argues well for those places where leadership for girls activities is desired.

The Scouts sponsored a moonlight hike last week end. This setting of the Birch Trail was enjoyed by all.

Miss Mann — "Ouch, I ran a sliver under my finger nail."

Miss Scully — "Don't scratch your head!"

COUNTRY LIFE CLUB

The club has held four meetings this summer. On June 16, the following program was rendered: "Background of Our Literature".....

.....Miss Theda Gildemeister
Violin Solo.....Erna Weise
Vocal Trio.Misses Haase, Frankson, and Weise.

The second meeting was held June 23, on which day the following program was given:

Humorous Reading.....Alice Watts
"The Place of the Visiting Teacher".....

.....Miss Abbie Langmaid
Vocal Solo.....Vivian Peabody
Whistling Solo.....LaVonne Caswell

The third meeting was in form of a picnic held on June 27, at the arches. The committee in charge of the "pink lemonade" reported that one-hundred paper cups were used, which goes to indicate that a goodly number were present. The large attendance was due perhaps to the generous numbers of "chauffeurs," who responded to the call for means of transportation.

Two very exciting kitten-ball games were played. Nothing serious happened other than the losing of a few heels and the catching of a number of "flies." After a few hours of playing, it was decided that one of the balls was seriously in need of a bath. We owe our gratitude to Miss Grannis, who so hurriedly came to the rescue, and kindly batted it into the near-by stream.

After lunch a picture of the group was taken by Mr. Priewert. A touch of artistic beauty was added by Mr. Jederman's tea kettle.

The last meeting was held July 11, in the Junior High School auditorium. The final program was most interesting one, and consisted of the following numbers:

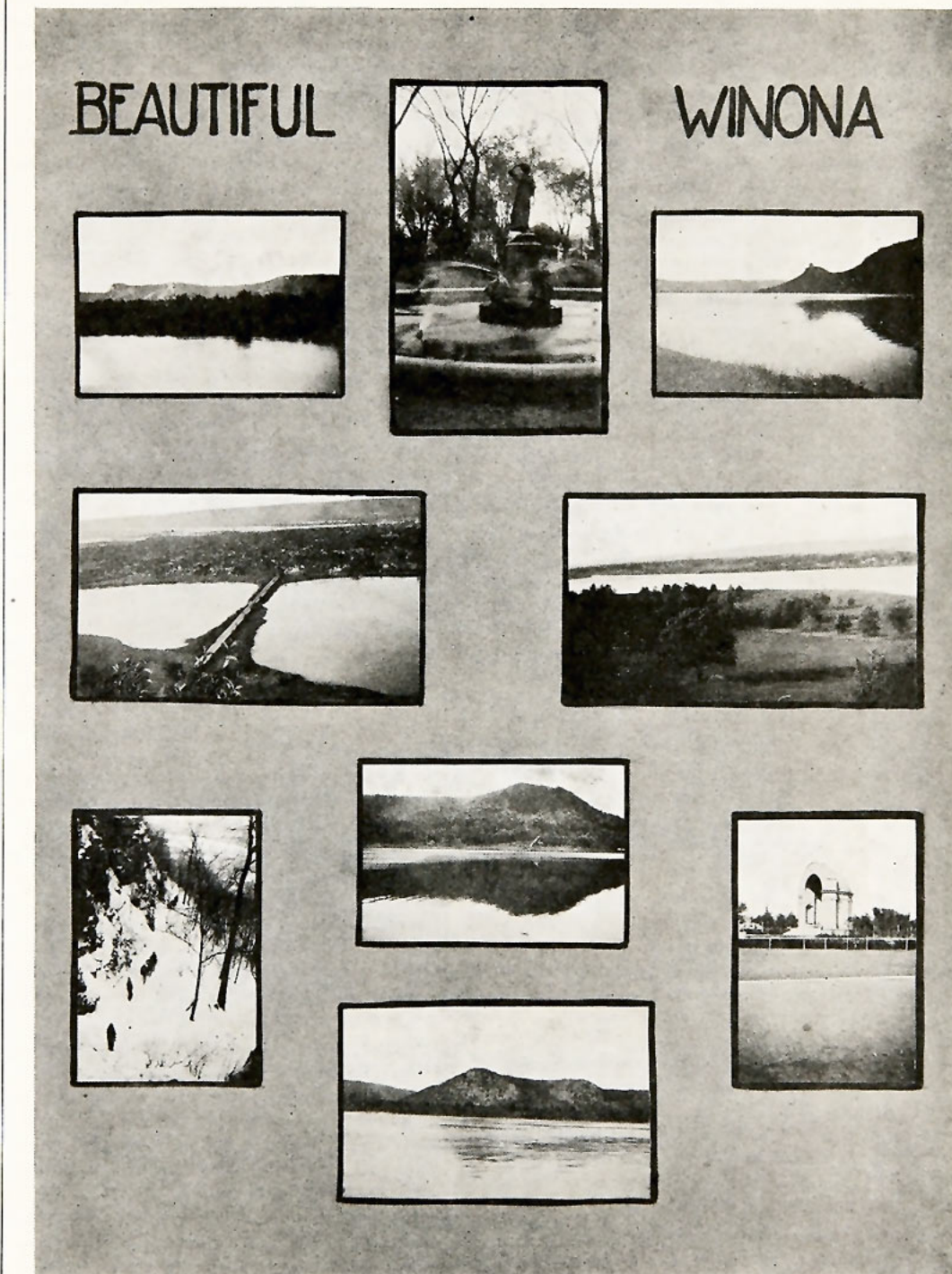
Community singing...Led by Miss Christensen
Cello solo.....Mr. Walter Grimm
Vocal Quartette..Leslie Johnson, Ewald Kintzi,
Donald Karow, Benhard Sandsness
Piano solo.....Miss Muriel Meyer
Dancing solo.....Miss Jarvis

Laura Mae Mueller, Myrtle Steen, and Mabel Wehrenberg were elected president, vice-president, and secretary and treasurer respectively. Much of the success of the club's activities was due to the efficiency with which things were carried out, and particularly to the efforts of the program committee of which Lois Lee was chairman.

NEWS AROUND THE CAMPUS

Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Gillam of Austin are at Winona for the Golf Tournament. Mrs. Gillam was formerly Miss Lida King, a graduate of Winona State Teachers College. Mrs. Gillam was the guest of Mrs. Potter of Morey Hall on Tuesday.

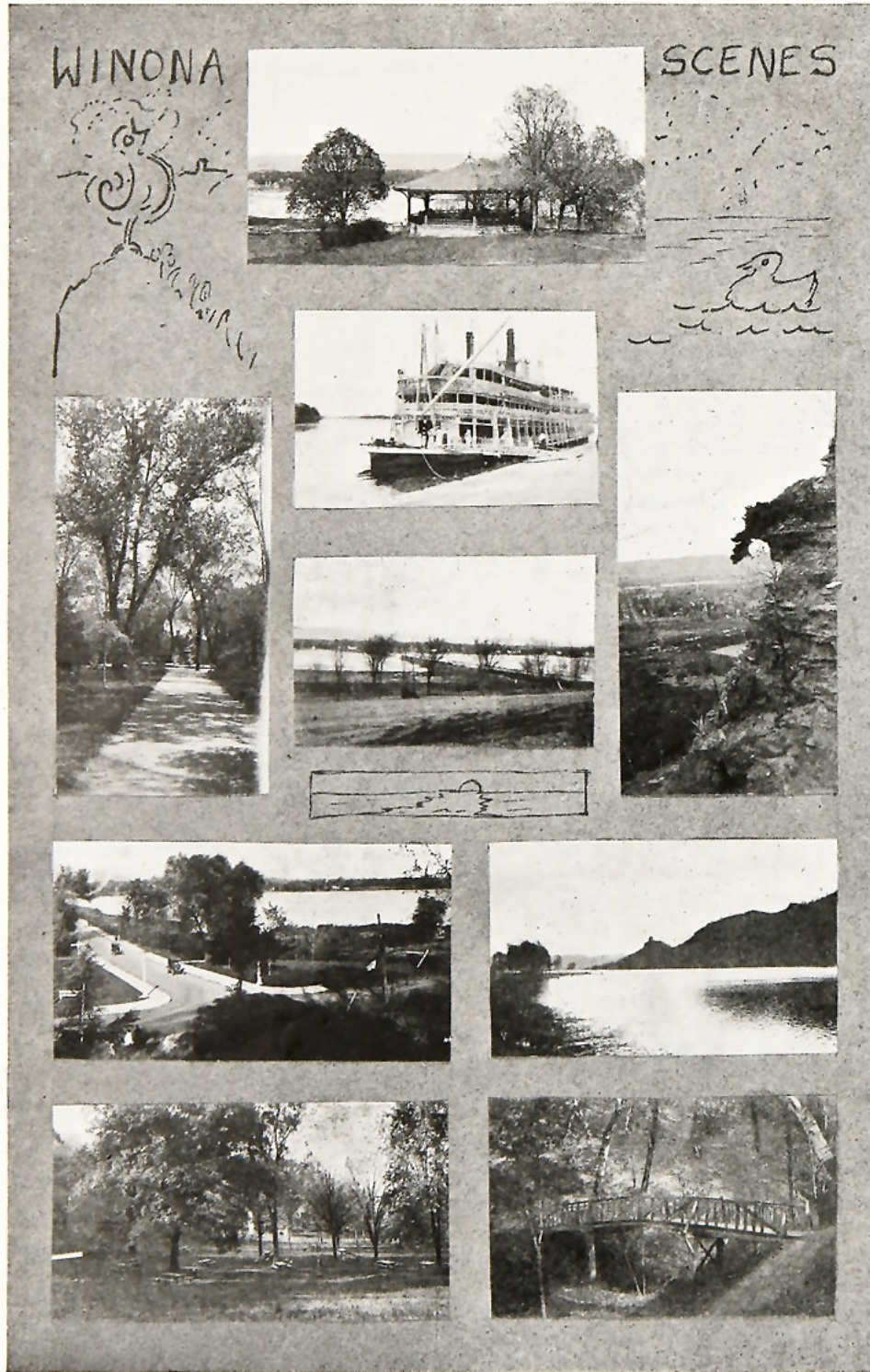
West Lodge is being painted and decorated. We hope that the new students will enjoy its new "finish" as much as we have marveled at its "antique" appearance.



Mr. Raymond Laughlin of Chicago pleasantly surprised his friends by stepping into the Morey Hall dining room one morning all decked out in hiker's garb. Mr. Laughlin told us that he was on his way to Faribault. Although he was supposed to have been walking, he admitted that most of his traveling had been done per the familiar "gas buggy." Of course, we do not blame him for accepting rides.

The D. M. F. club was organized in room 51, Morey Hall on Friday night. Charter members are Alice Haase, Lea Steeland, and Dorothy Stewart. Pledges will be taken in Thursday night.

Miss Muriel Meyer has been visiting with Miss Olive Nevins during the summer session.



T. C. must be a pretty decent place after all. Several ex-members have been seen strolling on the campus, and up and down the hallways as if they were trying hard to recall some pleasant experiences, which may have been their good fortune to encounter.

In a kitten-ball game between Morey and Shepard Halls, the former emerged as victors. The score was 23 to 16, which was not half bad for a first attempt.

A great deal of interest is centering around hypnotism and fortune telling. Ask Morey Hall girls for more definite information.

MUSICAL QUOTATIONS

Music is the art directly representative of democracy. If the best music is brought to the people there need be no fear about their ability to appreciate.

— CALVIN COOLIDGE.

There's Music in the sighing of a reed:
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

— BYRON.

Just whistle a bit if the day be dark,
And the sky be overcast;
If mute be the voice of the piping lark,
Why, pipe your own small blast.

— PAUL DUNBAR.

A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry, and see a fine picture every day of his life, in order that worldly cares may not obliterate the sense of the beautiful which God has implanted in the human soul.

— GOETHE.

Music is love in search of a word.

— SIDNEY LANIER.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.

— SHAKESPEARE.

Speaking of music for the people, you must go where people are if you would lead them where you think they should be.

— PETER DYKEMA.

Music is to the mind as air to the body.

— PLATO.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and son of New York City and Mrs. Gibson of Evanston, Illinois, were guests of Miss Richards at Shepard Hall. Mrs. Hughes is a graduate of this College, and while attending this institution, she was also a member of our Mendelssohn Club. Upon request, she very kindly consented to sing for us in chapel. Her vocal numbers were very well received.

A delegation met the Pioneer Limited last Friday evening to greet the former president of the Die-No-Mo Club, Mitchell Smilanich. A rousing time was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Muir, who attended the first half of the summer session, was called to her home in Montana on account of the illness of her son.

A TRIBUTE TO THE UNKNOWN TEACHER

And what of teaching? Ah, there you have the worst paid, and the best rewarded, of all the vocations. Dare not to enter it unless you love it. For the vast majority of men and women it has no promise of wealth or fame, but they, to whom it is dear for its own sake, are among the nobility of mankind.

I sing the praise of the unknown teacher. Great generals win campaigns, but it is the unknown soldier who wins the war.

Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it is the unknown teacher who delivers and guides the young. He lives in obscurity and contends with hardship. For him no trumpets blare, no chariots wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness and makes the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty, he strives to conquer the evil powers which are the enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager, and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. He lights many candles which, in later years, will shine back to cheer him. This is his reward.

Knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. No one has deserved better of the republic than the unknown teacher. No one is more worthy to be enrolled in a democratic aristocracy, "king of himself and servant of mankind."

— HENRY VAN DYKE.

OUR RESOLUTION

For the district:

- To teach a good school.
- To protect property.
- To maintain the good name of the school.

For the pupils:

- To classify pupils correctly.
- To see that conditions are favorable for study.
- To give judicious help.
- To direct intellectual growth.
- To direct moral growth.
- To inspire with higher ideals.

For our Supervisors:

- To keep accurate records.
- To make all reports promptly.
- To cooperate in all plans.

To ourselves:

- To improve our minds.
- To preserve our health.
- To develop an altruistic spirit.

"Salvaging Sam"

(Continued from page 5)

was inside to deliver that wallop, even though one's knees were afraid.

People seem to be changing, to be becoming nicer. He, Sam, seems to be different, too. Perhaps he hasn't always been as pleasant as he might have been. It's easier to be so now that Miss Gray is here. What was it the superintendent called her? Visiting Teacher? Yes, that's it.

ANCIENT PASTIME REVIVED

In the days of our fore-fathers, the height of excitement and thrills was to go out on the lawn and watch the rougher sex engage in bowling, hop-scotch, and other forms of "corpulency reducer." An old adage states that History repeats itself. This can be verified by anyone who so desires to do it.

Upon emerging from the "lunch room" at Morey Hall, one hears fierce shouts. After manipulating one's self in the direction from whence comes the clamor, the spectator arrives upon that part of the campus which lies due north of Morey Hall and due west of Shepard Hall. The sight that greets the poor spectator's eyes is far different from what he apprehended it to be. Instead of seeing a murder or a holdup (as per sound) his eyes fall upon a bevy of fair damsels engaged in the popular game called kitten-ball. Tables have been turned — instead of the "breadwinners" playing, the lowly "bread-makers" have come into their own.

Judging from the appearance of things, sport-edom is likely to be bolstered up considerably within another fifty years when these robust athletes get through school and out into the sporting world.

In the extreme western part of the campus another group of the "fair sex" are engaged in lustily rolling oaken balls into a little enclosure that looks not unlike some patented snare to catch the English sparrow. If these daughters of Eve get as proficient at rolling dough around (not pecuniarily speaking) as they are at tossing balls, the fond husbands are not in imminent danger of succumbing to the ravages of starvation.

The only two things which do not move every one-hundredth of a second are the score-keeper and the umpire. It is wise that they both remain stationary, for in that manner every spectator has an equal opportunity to see how the brawl is progressing. An error in their decision has the effect of creating an "unhealthy" atmosphere, thus making it quite necessary for them to become "minor quantities." At eight o'clock the colossal struggles cease, and high and low alike wend their solitary way to their respective rooms to pursue the lowly pastime of studying.

— From "Observations of a College Kid."

"CAMPUS MODELS"

Studebaker:

If there is anything that is better, Studebaker will copy it. So will Kal Wibye!

Rolls Royce:

A foreign make, but there with the goods — Mr. Tollefsrud.

Rickenbacker:

A car that does not need advertising. It sells itself! — Tubby Beynon.

Ford:

A handy car to have around; but be careful when you crank it — it may backfire. — Harvey Gordon.

Essex:

Greater power. More brilliant performance — Mr. Wilcox.

Overland:

Smooth running. More miles per gallon than any other make. A splendid finish, but not lasting. Women enjoy driving an Overland — Herbert Hartshorn.

Jordan:

Built for speed and service. Beautiful workmanship. Durable material. Small and light. Takes all bumps with incredible ease. — Rollic Tust.

Chandler:

Don't ever bet you can beat a Chandler up a hill. "Decorous style" — the finest ideals of comfort and convenience carried out handsomely in appointments, dimensions, and upholstery. Mechanical adjustment unnecessary — Howard Burkholder.

Chrysler:

The "distinctive charm" of its silhouette, the "allure of its coloring," the taste of its upholstering and appointment needs no spokesman. Once you have felt its instant obedience to your slightest touch, its relaxing comfort, and the assurance of its hydraulic four-wheel brakes, you will agree it is without an equal. A ninety day wonder — Percy Feany.

Chevrolet:

Lots of rattle. Always ready to run. Harmless. Easily driven — Ewald Kintzi.

Buick Sport Model:

When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them! Vibrationless beyond belief at any speed. — Tommy Franks.

Pontiac Six:

Everything you want at a price you want to pay! The ability to keep sailing along at full throttle speed for hour after hour on little or nothing. — Don Karow.

Willys Knight:

The more you run it the better it works. Known the world over for its silent motor. — Leslie Johnson.

Stanley:

A "real" steamer. One with weight and speed. — Mr. Quenett.

Whippet Six:

More miles per hour than its nearest competitors. Exceptional power in proportion to weight. Wide range of flexibility. Carries you farther on gas and oil. Snubbers to reduce road shocks. Adjustable steering wheel to fit the driver. Light. Smooth running. — Jack Laudon.

Packard:

The supreme combination of all that is fine. Nothing better offered anywhere in the world. — Paul LaFrance.

La Salle:

A new car by an old company. As refreshing as a Paris gown. — Mr. Nelson.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Mr. Maxwell — "The perfection of this school is due to the care with which details are attended to."

"Always shine your shoes behind as well as in front."

Mr. French — "Teachers are like money — they like to stick too close to home!"

Mr. Munson — "Health is that quality of life which enables one to live most and to serve best."

"When you vacation at home, try to take a few minutes off to visit father and mother."

Mr. Scarborough — "Ask me another."

Mr. Owens — "I am a firm believer in the plan of having people work, as far as possible, under conditions conducive to pleasure and satisfaction."

Mr. Jederman — "My brother and I together have been around the world — he went one way, and I went the other."

"Appeal to the honor,
Appeal to the pride,
And if that won't help,
Then appeal to the hide."

"A man who mutilates truth to fit circumstances is a liar."

"You can't change human nature."

Mr. Grimm — "You are not educated unless you know and understand music."

"Now let's do it nice — like this."

Miss Gildemeister — "We must bring the real and the ideal closer together."

Mr. Simmers — "Teachers should avoid saying cutting, sarcastic things."

Miss Kavanagh — "One must know where he is going. That is why we need lesson plans."

Miss Christenson — "Now I know you can all sing louder. Let's try again!"

Mr. Sandt — "Well-er-you see-er-it was this way —."

Miss Richards — "Will the following people please meet in my office immediately after chapel."

"I think it is going to be just wonderful and I know you will all have a lovely time!"

YOU AND ME

When the term's last paper is graded — is graded and the marks are recorded forever,
When the oldest blunders are berated and the newest mistakes are thought clever
Some shall rejoice, and faith, they shall have cause to, others must weep for a time
Till they see the error of their way, and chose decorously to fall in line!

For those, who were rated well, shall be happy;
the other poor sinners go sad —

While ever more on file is the judgment "some were so good, some wholly bad."

IDEAL STUDY

The teacher only shall praise them, and the teacher never shall blame.

And none shall study through fear, and none shall study through shame;

But just for the joy of the learning and knowing the facts as they are —

To know the wonders of our vast creation from tiny pebble to shining star.

— E. MARIE SEYMOUR.

KOLLEDGE KOMICKS

Mr. Scarborough — "We will meet in the tower to review the landscape. We will see how many of us can name each bluff."

Mr. French — "I am wondering if Mr. Scarborough can name every bluff in this vicinity himself."

Miss Christensen — "Everybody come to the Country Life Club meeting tonight. We always have a good program, in fact we've had lots of funny things; even Mr. Jederman has performed for us!"

There is but one thing needed for my complete happiness. It will fill my cup of happiness to the brim — yes, to overflowing — if I may at some time enter a brilliantly lighted room and see Mr. Owens and Miss Richards chewing gum.

Sandsness — "Coach, I can't get my locker shut."

Coach — "Take your shoes out."

Nelson — "Who is the most famous man in Geography class, and why am I?"

Bang — "Can you beat it? I asked Jack Loudon to endorse this check and he wrote on the back 'I heartily endorse this check'."

Spinster's Prayer — "Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself. Only please send Mother a son-in-law."

Young Johnny to cop — "Say, there's a man after me. I want protection."

Cop — "Who is he?"

Johnny — "My dad."

"Isn't it gorgeous," said the school teacher as she looked at the Grand Canyon.

Heard in Morey — "Is that a popular song your room-mate is trying to sing?"

"Not now!"

Mr. Maxwell to T. C. lad — "What makes you think you could be a successful salesman?"

T. C. lad — "Well, I get a good many orders right here at school."

Miss Richards in Lit. — "Do you know who wrote 'The Covered Wagon'?"

Mr. Burkholder — "I didn't know it was written, I thought it was drawn."

Two gentlemen stopped on the street to talk to each other, one wearing a fine diamond tie pin.

"Isaac," said one, "dot is a fine diamond you have. Vore you get it?"

"Well," explained Isaac, "my brother died and left \$450 for a stone. Dis is de stone."

Perfect behavior for Dormitory Women:

When eating corn on the cob, adjust it as you would a mouth-organ, but do not run the scale so rapidly.

Never put your finger in the pie. Use your thumb.

Place the napkin on your lap. Do not display it at half mast.

When soup is served, use a battery eliminator.

If you find it necessary to yawn, wait until there is a gap in the conversation.

Syrup is used for nourishment, not linament.

Do not put your knife in your mouth — more than half an inch.

If you spill something, do not make a fuss about it. Act as if you were used to doing it.

A dumb-bell is a person who uses his auto horn for a door bell.

One nice thing about false teeth is that when they start chattering you can always take them out.

Adelaide — "Do you ever read 'True Confessions'?"

Julius — "No, I don't believe in fiction."

J'ever hear about the absent minded prof who fell in and went down twice before he remembered he could swim?

Mr. Carl — "What do you wish with your sandwiches?"

Nelva T. — "I always did like bread with my sandwiches."

"What's the difference in going to a party and on a party?"

"The party."

Feaney — "I just thought of a good joke we ought to put into this paper."

Mrs. Watts — "Ah, get your mind off yourself."

Mr. Munson — "Can you make a sentence with conduit in it?"

F. Frank — "I'm sorry, but I conduit."

A TRIP TO OLE'S

What would a feller do if he didn't make friends in college here? I've been thinkin' about that for the last couple of days and I think it's pretty nice to have nice friends. I tell you, here all this while, a feller has heard so much about the modern ways and what they're a doin' with society so's I got to thinkin' even friends didn't mean so very much any more. Well just let me tell you about an honest-to-goodness good old time a few friends had a little while ago. Of course it's mighty fine to have a car (that one can drive) so one can go visitin', because in college, one can't stay with one's friends all the time. So I say it's fine to have one of these cars so's one can go visitin'.

Well, one Sunday, not so long ago, a couple or more of us fellers decided it would be pretty nice for us to go and visit our old college friend Ole. We got up a letter tellin' Ole all about plannin' on comin' down and told him too, that we were agoin' through some other town, can't think what the other fellers said its name was but seems to me they said something about Pushford, but it couldn't have been that either, leastways it was some such name. As I was sayin', we were goin through this town to pick up Bram so's he could visit along with the rest of us. We got him all right and soon were assailin' along for — sounds something like sal-ammonia, if you know what that is. Yep! we got there safe and sound and were right glad to see Ole again, too. Ole, he was just the same ol' feller like he was when he was here, only he seemed a little tinner than he was before. Ole, he works on the section, so I guess he got so tin handlin' tin and heavy rails. That's what Ole said.

Ole was just abackin' out his ol' Ford to go up town to get some groceries for dinner when we got there, so we went along and after we got the groceries, Ole, he drove around a little. The road was all black with something like oil — looked as if one'd melted a lot of licorice and spread it all over the place. Tubby, he sort of objected to driven' in the stuff because it stuck to the tires like when you rub your hand over a board that's got sap on it and he'd have to work to get it off. Well, he went home and Ole's Pa, he's a fine ol' feller, he says to come into the house and sit in the parlor because it wasn't so hard, so we did. Ole, he made some of the furniture in it and it looked pretty good. Then we did something I haven't seen done in the last five or six years. Yessir, Ole, he got out some picture albums and some other picture books that he got for listenin' to some hard-boiled sargent one summer and then we had the best ol' time lookin' at them ol' tintypes, etc., so we didn't get tired sittin' inside after a fella hasn't done it for a good while.

About the time most of us got to feeling like there must be a shortage of food, at least powerful scarce, Ole's Ma said for us to come and don't be bashful and eat. Tubby, he and Abie were kinda bashful like but we finally got started. Soon the food commenced to come in big dishes and it was a wonderful sight, them buttered potatoes and roast and baked beans and pickles — um, them pickles wer good, — so that Abie,

he swan he never did taste better ones, neither did I. Tubby, bein' left-handed, he was sort of out of luck because his elbow kept bumpin' into mine and I didn't lose any dinner, so as I say, it was hard on Tubby. 'Nother thing, I couldn't watch his right hand so well so's to see that he wouldn't stuff too many of them good cookies in his pocket. Well, we ate and ate and ate and when we were through, everyone vowed high and low he thought it was impossible to cook such a dinner nowadays. Ole's Ma, she surely can cook. After such a dinner, there wasn't one of us cared to do much foot racin', so we all sat down on the lawn that Ole had mowed the day before.

I remember long time ago we used to play a game called horseshoe, and bless my shoestrings, if Ole didn't have just such a game. I tell you after we rested, we went right out in the ol' barnyard and pitched them horseshoes an' it was more fun, 'specially after one's lost track, even on one's fingers, of the years ago since one played last. Well, sir! we threw those horseshoes back and forth until we'd played as many as three or four games of this barnyard golf. 'Bout that time Ole, he asked us if he wanted to see the million dollar hatchery and we said, "You bet!" You know they don't raise chicks now the way they used to way back when a feller kept chickens himself. We went over to the hatchery and saw the cutest little baby chicks and the oven they raised them in. The keeper, he said they packed the eggs in yeast. Wonder who found that out? We got started then and there on a sort of sight-seen' trip and Ole, he showed us a lot of places, such as the hospital, the school and some other things. Funny, didn't think folks was much interested now adays in seein' what the ol' home town had to show one, but we were. When we saw about all we could, we went back to Ole's place and sat in the parlor some more, waitin' patiently because we knew that after such a dinner, only a lunch fit for a king could follow and it surely did but Tubby, he got where he could use his left arm. My! such coffee and cake and strawberries with rich cream and — I can't think of all but you should have been there. Ole he hadn't showed us the pictures yet so we sat down in the parlor again and finished lookin'.

Somebody's always taking the joy out of life. Abie, he had a date so we had to hurry home, Abie, he told me later that she wasn't home any way when he got there. Bram, he came along with us on account they were celebratin' the Fourth of July here. Sandy, he was along too but all the time we had to tell him to keep still. He had one of these little sailor caps on and was playin' sailor all the time. We got tired of hearin him navigate on dry land. Ya, in spite of a black cat and Tubby's wreck havin' a hard time negotiatin' some of the hills, we got home thankfully and some day, I'm goin' to Ole's again.

Speed cop — "Say, on this driver's license your name is obliterated."

Irish — "Ye lie, me name's O'Brien."

TO SHOULD OR NOT TO SHOULD

Henry sat in silence. The old orchard bench lacked its usual comfort. Somehow, the night seemed darker than usual. The outlines of the old apple trees stood stalk still in a strange, barely visible silhouette against the dark sky. In a deep recess of the grove beyond, a moping owl disturbed the appalling silence with its crescendo and decrescendo — like an apparition coming near and then drawing back to its haunted sanctuary of pallid blankness unheeded by mortals. How could a night be so utterly devoid of even a frog's croaking in the marsh below, where a Will-o'-the-Wisp's sheen glowed faintly. Had the spirit of the night so gripped the things of nature that not even a cricket dared to venture a note? Only the owl played his ghastly song. Henry sat in silence, and the hours of the night dragged on.

Henry was content. Never before had he loved the gloom as now. It helped him. He could think better. What a stage for the thoughts that coursed his mind! Though he thought freely, he was perplexed, utterly puzzled. What to do! What to do! The thought, one of unpleasant proportions, winged its way back and forth till it nearly bewildered him. Could he do it? Would he ever repent it? Would it haunt him? Suspense reigned supreme upon the throne of indecision. He had known her for thirteen odd years. She had at first been his delight, his pride, his hope. He had let no harm come to her. He had cared for her with the care that only an understanding man's warm, protecting heart could offer, and she had accepted his gifts with an attitude of indifference, just as a cat laps up her milk and then purrs if petted. He had hoped to see in her his ideal of perfection. He had longed to take her to the socials he attended. In his youth, he had throbbed with the thought that some day he could call her his own, yet this very day she had nearly disgraced him in company by thwarting his wishes. Once again she had shown her unreliability. Just at the climatic point when he asked her gently to go with him, she had literally run away from him. She was indeed ungrateful for all the kindness shown her, and Henry had cause this night to harbor the thoughts that fluttered from, "Should I?" to "I should!" He was justly tired of being made a fool of. Could his present anguish overcome the thrusts of her to whom he had become so enamoured? Should he do it now while he was in a contemplative mood? It was not far to where he knew she was. He could easily fire a shot in the dark. But would he hit his mark? He was desperate and became feverish in his emotion. He clenched his teeth and relaxed. His brow became moist, and as he rubbed his palm over it, a deathly coolness passed over his body, which left him quivering. He tried to cry out, but could not. Common sense and conscience were fighting a duel within his mind. He gulped for air — one gasp. It was stifling. He gasped again. It came more freely now. Three or four gasps — now he was silent. His mental battle had left him weak. He broke into sobs. With his meekness came a feeling that he could not — would not

—do it. Conscience had triumphed. A bat fluttered among the leaves while at last a cool breeze arose from the west. Henry sat still. He must get into bed, but could he sleep? What time was it? He cast his eyes about and finally in a small patch of eastern sky he saw the morning star Jupiter. Of a sudden he came to his senses. How long had he sat there? He arose feebly, sank back again, tried once more and then stood upright. He groped his way back to the house. The old steps creaked as he ascended. The door knob crunched its levers, and the hinges reechoed the squeak. He ambled over the kitchen floor, poked up the steep, narrow stairs, found his bed, sank exhausted, and lost himself among the dreams of the night.

The thrall of the night rises, the roseate orb ascends a clear eastern sky, and a bright morning in June is ushered to its place to break upon a slumbering world. Behold! a new day comes forth.

Henry arises fresh from the horrors of the night. He goes to the milk shanty, slings his arm through a milk pail handle, and proceeds toward the barn. As he glances over the dew-dropped pasture, his eyes glisten with an air of honest pride. He whistles — she lifts her head, pricks her ears, and with an impatient whinnie, Daisy gallops to the gate. As he strokes her pretty mane and neck, he thinks, "What a fool I've been."

ASK ME ANOTHER

I have been at Calumet. Hiking is my favorite sport. Astronomy is my favorite subject. I never fail to do what I have set out to do, even though my methods may seem harsh. Three guesses — the first two do not count. Who am I?

I am clever at the piano; but in vain have I labored to make you sing on pitch. I appear in public quite frequently, especially when "foot music" is in demand. Intermediate Grade Methods is my "soft line." A pair of dancing slippers to the one who guesses correctly. Who am I?

I thoroughly enjoy comedy, and because of my extreme cleverness, am often called upon to do "stunts" for T. C. audiences. I "went to see the 'Big Parade,' but dad wouldn't believe me. What happened? Oh, you'll know, if you know me. Who am I?

I am a "good scout" of the Girl Scouts. When I want a thing, I want it badly. Most of my nights are spent on the campus observing the everlasting stars; but in this pastime I am not alone. I am especially fond of nurses. What ain't I, and who am I?

I am small; but oh, my! My profession has taken me to number of noted cities. I can hit a "mean racket," and am also contemplating swimming the English channel. I am "up on my toes" a great part of the time, and believe in "hitting the high spots." Who am I?

TWO FACES (PHASES) OF THE MOON

I will arise
At two the moon's eclipse to view
Because there is
So much to learn that's bright and new.

For instance, now
I'd like to know about the seas,
The craters and
The like. I wonder if a breeze

Might blow someday
And blow the moon from out its orb,
Or just how much
Of heat does Swiss Green Cheese absorb.

I've heard some tell
Of those who know and tell about
To where light goes
When light gets dim, then goes way out.

I know! you can't
Fool me. The moon it sets behind
The earth and so
'Tis then it's hard to spy and find.

I saw it once
And lo! behold! they cut it round
instead of square
And sold it wholesale by the pound.

I watched this sale —
The cop watched me — I shook with fear —
He queried loud,
"What do you at this hour here?"

I said it was
A sale of cheese but it must lack
Some quality,
The buyers brought the whole works back.

I gazed some more
Till sunk my store behind the trees.
But I believe
In moons, in round old Green Swiss Cheese.

I LIKE THE MOON

I like the moon —
Its light — its silv'ry glistening gleam.
I like to think
Some idle thought beneath the beam

That glows aloft
To cast short shadows of the trees,
Which sigh enough
To whisper where a summer's breeze

The night long plays
Its mystic song — now soft, now loud
When shadows dim;
Because across the moon a cloud

Will shuffle by.
Now barks yon neighbor's hound the while
Some passerby,
Belated, hurries through the aisle

Where trees, set thick,
Enhance the spirit of the night
So glorified
By yon moon's perfect light.

I like the moon
On such a night. But I have seen
A moon to thrill
Much more than all the silv'ry sheen.

I see it now
While some moo-boss is lulling to sleep
Yon neighbor's dog.
I see the moon I like, down deep,

A crescent there,
Among pale clouds, so slender shorn,
It seems my moon
Hangs in the sky by its topmost horn.

But ah! this moon —
The artist waits till such as you
Have gone to rest —
Then brings his palette — golden hue!

And paints in tints
Of orange and yellow, purple too
But leaves the sky
As 'twas before — a silver blue.

'Tis such a moon
I like. It makes me think of things
Too hard to say
But would I had a pair of wings,

I'd fly up to
This golden moon of mine out west
And sit me down
Into the other horn. The least

I'd do is sail
The world around. But now, I pray,
One look give me —
I'll sleep! but moon — don't go away.
— EWALD KINTZI.

THUMBTRACKS

Everywhere, everywhere, thumbtacks there are!
Thumbtacks in window-sill, door-frame, and wall,
Thumbtacks in library, class-room, and hall;
Thumbtacks where pillars stand, varnished and bright,
Thumbtacks where windows should let in the light.
Thumbtacks through pictures of children at play.
Thumbtacks through calendars, brilliant and gay.
Thumbtacks through clippings for children to scan;
Thumbtacks through notices of change in the plan,
Thumbtacks galore! On Thumbtacks no ban! (?)
Thumbtacks, thumbtacks, thumbtacks O thumbtacks for all!
No thumbtack too great; no thumbtack too small!

Mr. Scarborough — Why are thermometers valuable, especially in the spring time?
Any student — To see if we have the fever.

Any girl — Is your head sore?
Don K. — No, why?
The girl — Then why all the salve?

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